

THE CONFESSION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASSED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE BOYS' REVELATION.

COLD W. ATHER R. MARKS.

BY ISAAC HICKS.

LETTERS.—There is a pleasure in reading old letters, almost as great as that of meeting and conversing with the friends by whom they were written. Old letters are the hand-marks of our journey through life; they tell at what time occurred the brightest and at what the saddest events in our history; when we formed the friendships, which, through every vicissitude of our fortune, have continued unchangeably, and when those which were tipped in the early leaf, or which ripened, decayed and are forgotten. They point us in living characters to the memory of those who have passed away from this world, and set before us all the amiable and endearing qualities with which they were adorned. By means of old letters, we read in our hand the gay and jocund feats of boyhood, and when age has laid its withering hand upon our faculties, it still delights us to retrace in the epistles of manhood the scenes and events which characterized the active part of our life. To those who would treasure up the series of events, by which each year and day are in some way distinguished—to those who delight to call up in distinct review the companions who started with them in life's uncertain race, and whose various fortunes they would wish to remember—to all, indeed, whose condition in life has engaged them to casual correspondence, whether of a friendly, literary or mercantile nature, we would recommend the preservation of old letters—they are faithful monitors which teach volumes of wisdom, and therefore we say again, save old letters.

EPICURISM.—Epicurism is, now-a-days, a mere name to what it was in ancient times. Sea and land were compassed to procure the choicest and rarest viands to glut the appetite of the Imperial Caesar—the brains of parrots and the wings of the nightingale were among the least of the expensive dishes that garnished their banquet halls. The sensual pleasures of the Roman table, (thanks to the simplicity of our ancestors) are so rare in our country as to be almost unknown. We eat to live, and do not live to eat. Luxury has not as yet made such advances among us, as to make eating the principal business of life. On the contrary, it is remarked by foreigners, that we, as a people, are prodigiously quick eaters, as if we were unwilling to take up time in so unimportant an affair. The evils of epicurism are not merely the loss of time consumed in actual degeneration, but your thorough-bred gourmand is perpetually racking his brain with the thought of his dinner—the image of that is ever before him, in his visions by day and his dreams by night—and being thus occupied, his mind is, of course, unfit for any other reflections. Then comes the long train of bodily sufferings, produced by surfeiting—the pains of indigestion—the horrors of the night-mare—the anguish of the gout. The days of him who indulges to excess in the pleasures of the table are not only miserable, but his life itself is shortened—blasted and pampered by luxury, he sinks quickly away without having answered any of the purposes of existence. The death of the glutton is lamented by no one but the butcher and baker, and is a public benefit to the worms and undertaker.

DECISION OF CHARACTER.—Were I entrusted with the education of youth, I would early impress on them the importance of this quality. I would teach them by practical lessons, its uses and advantages. I would plan out emergencies, in which I would call upon them to act promptly and decisively—and this I would repeat again and again, though they should decide and act wrong in every instance, till I had fully taught them to act with promptness and decision. Once acquired, the habit never would forsake them; and the judgment, when matured by years and corrected by experience, would lead them to exercise the habit readily. I consider, indeed, a vacillating, temporising disposition of mind the cause of a large proportion of the evils in life and of the ill success in business. Look at the young man, just from the parent roof, and placed in a large city, surrounded by companions whose intercourse and example he knows must be contaminating. If he is one of a decided character, he will

readily form the determination to shun their society, and he escapes their fatal influence. If, unfortunately, he has not acquired the habit of deciding for himself—if he is awed by the fear of being thought different from his fellows, but is resolved not to commit himself in all their excesses—what does he do—how does he act—and what is his fate? He mingles awhile in their more innocent pleasures—he sips the draught which they drain to the dregs—he enters only a little into the dissipations into which they plunge—he dreads to be thought singular, and he goes half way with them, but he is all the while resolved to retract his steps, when he can do so with honor. The time at last comes when he must recede or advance—the decisive moment is at hand—now his fate must be determined—pleasure beckons him on, duty bids him go back—he hesitates which to obey—he falters in his opinion—he doubts—he is still undecided—he is lost.

STURDY.—I know of no persons more miserable themselves and despised by others, than those of a suspicious disposition. They are miserable themselves, as they are ever imagining some designs are plotting against their persons, their characters or their property—the most innocent, nay, the best-intended act they pervert into a covert snare to entrap them—they see an enemy in every face—a traitor in every friend—a rogue and liar in every man they deal with. They act on the principle that every man is to be considered dishonest—and that too in every particular transaction—till at its termination—he has proved himself otherwise. How can it be, that such persons are not—and justly too, despised by others. Even the suspicious man himself must, and does despise suspicion in others. He is willing enough to indulge in it himself, but he can never bear to be suspected by others. But he who is free from this suspicious disposition, he who acting with frankness and candor expects the same from others—who knowing himself to be honest and sincere, believes that others must be so too—he must secretly despise the man whom he finds has regarded him as dishonest, treacherous and deceitful in every the minutest affairs of life. I know of no excuse for a man of suspicious disposition, except that it is an obliquity of mind, arising from constitutional defect, or a habit occasioned by a most untoward series of misfortunes, which has had the effect to alienate or dry up all the finer feelings of the soul.

POLITENESS.—True politeness, says Chesterfield, consists in making those around you happy. On this theory, how many of the forms and ceremonies of fashionable life, which pass for the very perfection of politeness, fall to pieces. The effect of too much etiquette is, indeed, the very reverse of making others happy. A man of precise manners, who is scrupulously attentive to observe all the little minutia of fashion in his dress and address, why to most people the presence of such a man is a source of constant inquietude and apprehension, lest their dress and address too should not be squared by the exact rules which he observes, and lest they should not copy to the letter every example he prescribes. This finical, scrupulous and etiquetteal deportment, is not politeness—that true politeness which consists in something more than mere show and form. True politeness shows itself in words and action—it is cautious never to wound the feelings of another by an unguarded or harsh expression—it represses the sallies of wit when it knows they would inflict the slightest pain on others—it avoids flattery, while it gives utterance to the approbation which is deserved. In its conduct true politeness is free and unrestrained without rudeness or familiarity—it is attentive to the wants of others without being officious—it endeavours in all things to conform to the ideas, the manners and habits of the company it is in, without violating any of its own principles of conduct—this is true politeness and what every man of sense observes in his intercourse with society.

Admiral Boscawin's Wig. When Admiral Boscawin added so gloriously to the laurels so often reaped by the British tars, and defeated the French fleet, he was under the necessity of going into a boat to shift his flag from his own ship to another. In his passage a shot went through the boat's side, when the admiral, taking off his wig, stopped the leak with it, and by that means saved the boat from sinking, until he reached the ship in which he intended to hoist his flag. Thus, by a presence of mind so natural to the worthy admiral, was he himself saved, and also enabled to continue the engagement, which ended so gloriously to the British nation.

TRAGEDY IN REAL LIFE.

Some time since an elderly man, named Bentley, a ship-smith in Lower Smithfield, in consequence of the death of his wife, employed as house-keeper a woman past the meridian of life, named Sophia Westley, and employed a young man of about named John Hughes, who resided at M. Cox's chapel at Hackney, as a coachman, to amuse his leisure hours by playing on an organ, to which the house-keeper sang. The consequence of this was, that the young man and Sophia Westley fell in love with each other. Mr. Bentley having remarked this growing affection, made on one occasion some remarks which interrupted the harmony of the party. About ten days ago, Mr. Bentley was taken ill, and that suddenly, that he conceived an attempt had been made on his life by poison. The other inmates of his house were a young man named Miles, a blind musician, who occupied a solitary attic, and an apprentice boy. The latter being a forward youth, reserved frequent checks and rebuffs from his master, which produced nothing but sulks and disobedience of orders; suspicious fell upon him, and Mr. Bentley, having submitted some tea intended for use, and a part of which he had taken, and made him go to the usual analytical test, it was found to contain a portion of laudanum, but not sufficient in quantity to destroy life. The lad, however, was taken before the Magistrates at the Thames Police-office, and charged on suspicion with the attempt to poison his master. The magistrates, after due deliberation, decided that the evidence was not sufficiently strong to warrant the detention of the boy, and he was accordingly discharged.

Since the dreadful occurrence which, as will afterwards appear, has taken place, strange suspicions have been entertained, which it may not be proper to allude to more particularly. Saturday night last Hughes, the organist, had been in company with Mr. Bentley and Mrs. Westley, and performed during the evening several favorite airs. About ten o'clock he got up, and having wished Mr. Bentley "good night," Mrs. Westley as was her custom, went to let him out, and fasten the door. Miles who was also of the party, went up stairs to bed, and Mr. Bentley himself retired to rest. Soon after he had laid down, he was aroused by the discharge of fire-arms, two shots in rapid succession, which was instantaneously succeeded by a fall of some heavy substance on the floor over that on which he slept. Mr. Bentley hurried up stairs immediately, and on opening the door of Mrs. Westley's bedroom perceived Hughes and Mrs. Westley closely embraced in each other's arms, both weltering in their blood, and two pistols recently discharged lying beside them on the floor. Mr. Bentley sent for medical assistance, and Messrs. Bonville and Bloomfield, two surgeons residing in the neighborhood, were speedily in attendance. On their arrival, Mr. Bentley requested them to remove the female, who had exhibited signs of life by groaning and asking for forgiveness, into bed, and attend to her, remarking at the same time, that he feared the unfortunate man Hughes was quite dead. The words were scarcely uttered, when Hughes, who had not before shown the least signs of life, feebly exclaimed, "Oh, no I am not dead, but regret I did not do the business more effectually." On examination the surgeons ascertained, that Hughes was wounded in the head, and that a pistol ball had entered near the left ear, which took a slanting direction towards the back of the head. Mrs. Westley had also received a precisely similar wound on the left side of her head; but from the direction which the ball had taken, she appeared to be in a much more dangerous state. Both were bleeding copiously, and the balls having lodged in the back part of the head, the medical gentlemen, after stopping the hemorrhage, recommended that both should be taken to the London Hospital, and they were without loss of time taken there in a coach. The most prompt assistance was rendered, but up to a late hour yesterday it was understood that neither of the balls had been extracted. Hughes remains in a precarious state, owing to the continued agitation of the mind under which he appears to labour; but with respect to the ultimate recovery of Mrs. Westley, but very faint hopes are entertained. Both are reported to be perfectly conscious of their situation, but without betraying any thing like a regret for what had taken place. By the admission of Mrs. Westley, it appeared that both pistols were fired by the hands of Hughes but with the consent of the unfortunate woman herself, who, from her master having given her notice to quit the house in a week, more readily induced her to enter into the horrible compact suggested by Hughes, that they should commit suicide respectively. According to her statement, she actually made the attempt on Friday night; but though she took the pistol in her hand for

the purpose, she had not courage to pull the trigger; and then it was that Hughes agreed on the following night to shoot her and then himself. Hughes is about thirty years of age, and Mrs. Westley is fifty at least, and is a widow.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

Many curious anecdotes on this subject are related of the Rev. Dr. Harvey, one of the ministers of Thomas Barton. So confused in some occasions were the ideas of this singular man, that he has been known to write a letter to one person, address it to a second and send it to a third. He was once on the eve of being married to the Bishop's daughter, when having gone a good deal fishing, he lost the circumstance, and oversteat the married band, while so offended the lady that she immediately broke off the match. If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him in the street, in hopes of receiving alms, he would make him a bow, tell him he was his humble servant, and walk on. He has been known on Sunday, to forget the days on which he was to officiate, and would walk into church with his gun, under his arm, to ascertain what the people were there. Once, where he was playing at cards, a man, he poured out a glass of wine, and it being customary to throw, having the box in one hand and the glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallowed down both the dice, and discharged the wine on the table board. Another time, in one of his absent fits, he mistook his friend's house and went into another, the door of which happened to stand open, and on servant being in the way, he rumbled all over the house, till coming into a middle room, where there was an old lady in a bed of agony, he stumbled over the table, threw a chair, and horse down, and might not have ended there, had not the afflicted patient made a noise at his intrusion, which brought up the servant, who, finding Dr. Harvey in the room, instead of the apothecary, who was momentarily expected, opened the old lady's door, who by this time was taken with such an immense fit of laughter at his confusion, that at a broke the quincy in her throat, and she lived many years afterwards to thank Dr. Harvey for his unlooked-for visit. His notorious heedlessness was so apparent, that no one could take him a horse, as he frequently lost his seat from under him, or at least from out of his hands; he being his frequent practice to dismount and lead the horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, or the intervention of a post occasioned it to fall; sometimes it was taken off by the boys, when the person was seen drawing the bridle after him; and if any one asked him after the animal, he could not give the least account of it, or how he lost it. In short, the blunders which he committed were endless, and would be considered incredible, were they not authenticated by incontestable evidence. Yet notwithstanding all this, Harvey was a man of uncommon abilities, and an excellent scholar.

Composer Admitted.—Some years before the French Revolution, a composer at a printing house left his work shop. He was seized by four men, who promised that they would do him no injury if he made no resistance: they tied a handkerchief over his eyes, and pushed him into a coach. The poor man did not dare to utter a word during the time he was on the road. When they untied the handkerchief he found himself in a large room, in which were cases filled with characters, and presses. They ordered him to print some pamphlets, and many of those obscene books, which have multiplied so greatly within these fifteen years, with such frightful audacity. He was obliged to obey, and was kept fifteen days at work for which they liberally paid him; and then having again tied a handkerchief over his eyes, they placed him in a coach, and carried him back to the spot from whence they first took him. He never disclosed his adventure to any one, having been bound to secrecy, which he promised to perform. When the Bastille was taken he was among the assailants, and he there recognized the secret printing press, to which he had been conducted with so much mystery. What a subject for reflection!—Paris in London.

The Use of a Tea-Kettle. A scholar who was reading at night heard a thief breaking through the wall of his house. Happening to have a tea-kettle of boiling water before the fire, he took it up, and placing himself by the side of the wall, waited for the thief. The hole being made, a man thrust his feet through; when the scholar immediately seized them, and began to bathe them with boiling water. The thief screamed and sued for mercy; but the scholar replied very gravely, "Stop till I have emptied my tea-kettle."

"Will you take the *pistole*?" inquired the gaoler? I had the meaning of the word *pistole* explained to me. For one hundred francs a month, I could have a bed, white bread, other food, a table and a chair. * * I hinted, to Jacques, that my father would not fail to pay for the *pistole*, and to reward him for any services he might render me. I begged him to tell my parents that I was quite well, and very calm. In the evening, when the night round, the closing of the doors, and the ordinary business of the prison allowed him to visit my cell, he told me that my mother had remained a long time in the *parlure*, and had sent me some fruit. Her maternal grief had touched the heart of Jacques. He brought me the *pistole*, consisting of a tottering table, a rush chair almost in pieces, three sheets, and a grey truckle bed, which I have still before my eyes. On the back of it, these words were written in pencil: *M. Lohendegere slept here, the ——. The rest was effaced.*

A few days after I received some books; I was allowed to write to my father, but not to seal my letters, and my cell became more pleasant. * * It was situated above a court-yard, into which looked the windows, or rather loop-holes, of the *souriciere*, which is, I believe, a provisional prison into which all sorts of criminals are crowded pell-mell, until they can be distributed among the different cells. * * The conversation of the women was near enough to my cage for me to hear some part of their conversation. There were two duties sung by house voices—trifling *litanies* pronounced by soft and pleasing voices—olden stories related by young girls—narratives of robbery and murder given in slang—new songs, *barcarolles* and *couplets*, sung in chorus by those depraved females, mingled with parodies, imitations and laughter. What was saddest in such scenes was the silent gaiety which pervaded them. All sorrow and remorse, every thought of morality and futurity, were wanting to those hearts which had been dragged through the filth of society until they had become numb. Let me be pardoned these details, which will be thought frivolous by the frivolous only. This excess of human depravity made a strong impression upon me. I had been initiated into no kind of vice, and, in history, I had seen crime softened down by distant perspective. An infancy wholly absorbed by romance of thought and activity of mind, was not prepared for such revelations. When I heard one of those women sing the trill's popular melody of *Portrait charmant*, my heart contracted; the contrast was too strong, the dissonance too painful. I have never since been able to listen to that song.

One day there was a greater bustle than usual; the prison bells rung longer, regular steps were heard, and a sound of bayonets surprised me. The door of the adjoining room was opened and shut several times. I heard some one in this room crying and moaning bitterly. Jacques, when he visited me, had his uniform on. The robbers in the next room increased; the women in the *souriciere* continued to sing. The gaoler informed me, that the person in the next cell was condemned to death; that the day of execution had arrived, and the hour was near at hand; that the wail I heard were the scarcely intelligible confession of the unhappy criminal; that the priest was there; that the culprit, drunk with despair and wine, was receiving absolution upon his knees, and that there were only ten minutes to elapse between his life and death. The bells soon began to ring, the rattling of wheels shook the whole edifice, murmurs of distant voices accompanied the procession, and the silence of the prison succeeded all this tumult.

This dungeon, as may well be supposed, broke the health of a lad of sixteen; and those terrible scenes made an indelible impression upon my mind. The privation of air and exercise, grief at not beholding those I loved, and the horrid atmosphere in which I lived, got the better of my constitution, and I was taken ill. A month had elapsed since my confinement began. The prison physician obtained permission for me to walk in the *precour*, and I was conducted by Jacques into an oblong court-yard, dug into the soil ten or twelve feet below the level of the adjacent street, surrounded by lofty buildings, bordered with iron spikes, and faced with immense cut stones. Naked and dirty, I sat upon the flag and spread over it; dirty and shivering, I demanded what I could hear; men with bloody arms surrounded me; others in their shirt-sleeves, with no garment but a pair of grey linen trousers, were stretched upon the ground, groaning. Some were making straw boxes and wood-cases, or curiously delicate workmanship. There recognized me, such as I had seen it at the Salle St. Martin, but in a form still more frightful. At the police, it still preserved a crust, a coat, a half-soled *baguette*, and some of the habits of civilization; but here it displayed a hideous character. Its only dialect was slang; and contempt was depicted on every countenance. The most insatiable cupidity glistened in the eyes of the gamblers. Here, in the midst of the perfection of civilized society, there existed a society of savages, who had borrowed all the cunning and resources of civilization to employ them in the destruction of civilization itself. I was more alarmed at these figures, at their questions, aspect, gestures, and unknown language, than I should have been at the scaffold.

I was taken twice to this *precour*; my third walk took place in another, much smaller, and which resembled the bottom of a well surrounded by high walls. In the caves, whose air-holes opened upon this court, were several individuals accused of political offences; amongst others, a lieutenant of cavalry, always in good humor, headless, gay, enjoying robust health, uttering innocent jokes against his persecutors, and who, from behind his iron bars, told me a thousand pleasant stories.

As soon as I had recovered my health, I was again confined to my dark cell. I had breathed fresh air three times in eight days, and that proved sufficient. My solitude was lengthened to two months. * *

It was thus I knew the *Conciergerie*: a great lesson for a man's life; and if that man be innocent and full of youthful hopes, the lesson carries with it bitter and indelible sadness. The unfortunate individuals in whose conspiracy I was accused of being an accomplice, were condemned to exile and death. With regard to myself, as one morning I lay weeping upon my bed, my purile stoicism overcame, listening to the neighboring bells of Notre Dame, and contemplating with sorrow the oblique and luminous line of a long sunbeam which penetrated into my dungeon, heavy steps, much more rapid than usual, struck my ear. A very thing is regular in a prison; and a gaoler walks like the pendulum of a clock, without ever retarding or quickening his pace. Jacques turned his great key rapidly in the lock, and said to me, "You have now only to go away. There is a *fiacre* below waiting for you."

I knew not what to do with my liberty; I was stunned at the news; and let me not be accused of exaggeration when I affirm, that I cannot give an exact account of my ideas and sensations during that day. Jacques packed up my things. I allowed myself to be led away. I found my mother in bed, very ill. I remember well her tears and kisses; but I have a more vague recollection of the vital and penetrating freshness of the month of May—of the perfumed garden in which I embraced my father—of the profound emotion he evinced—of his tears which fell upon me—and of the strange intoxication which, after two months of darkness and solitude, made my whole being shudder, and seemed about to destroy even existence itself by a too powerful sense of life and happiness. I remember my father's words—

"You can no longer," said he, "remain in France. You would always be an object of suspicion. You must go to England."

To England I went; and the two months spent at the *Conciergerie* decided my fate. * * Travels, occupation, sufferings—nothing could efface my recollection of the *Conciergerie*. In 1831, I desired again to see it. It appeared to me as if, in former days, I had lived in the midst of feodality, so vividly did those towers, those corridors, that lamp, and those vaults represent it to my mind. But civilization, in its eternal progress, has at length overtaken and destroyed those remains of barbarity—the *Conciergerie* of feodality no longer exists."

ANECDOTE OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Not long after the death of Mary, Queen of Scots, Margaret Lamburn, who had been one of her attendants, became, in some measure, desperate, on account of the loss of a husband whom she dearly loved—a loss which had been occasioned by grief for the melancholy fate of that unfortunate Princess, to whose retinue he also had belonged. She formed a resolution to revenge the death of both upon the person of Queen Elizabeth—and, to accomplish her purpose, dressed herself in the habit of a man, assumed the name of Anthony Spark, and attended at the Court of England with a pair of pistols constantly concealed about her; one to kill the Queen when an opportunity should offer, and the other to kill herself, if her crime should be discovered. One day as she was pushing through the crowd, in order to get to her Majesty who was then walking in the garden, she accidentally dropped one of her pistols. This circumstance being observed by the guards, she was immediately seized, in order to be sent to prison; the Queen, however, interfered, and desired to examine the culprit first. She accordingly demanded her name, her country, and her quality—and Margaret, with a resolution still undaunted, replied, "Madam, though I appear before you in this garb, yet I am a woman. My name is Margaret Lamburn, and I was several years in the service of Mary, a Queen whom you have unjustly put to death; and, thereby deprived me of the best of husbands, who could not survive the bloody catastrophe of his innocent mistress. His memory is hardly more dear to me than is that of my injured Queen; and, regardless of consequences, I determined to revenge their deaths upon you. Many, but fruitless, were the efforts to divert me from my purpose. I found myself constrained to prove, by experience, the truth of the maxim. 'That neither reason nor force can hinder a woman from vengeance who she is impelled to by love.'" Highly as the Queen had cause to resent this speech, she heard it with calmness, and answered it with moderation. "You are persuaded, then, said her Majesty, that in this step you have done nothing but what your duty required; what think you is my duty now to do to you?" "Is that question put in the character of a queen, or that of a judge," replied Margaret, with the

same intrepid firmness. Elizabeth professed to hear that it was that of a queen. "Then," continued Margaret, "it is your Majesty's duty to grant a pardon." "But what security," demanded the Queen, "can you give me that you will not make the like attempt upon some future occasion?" "A favour ceases to be one," Madam," replied Margaret, "when it is yielded under such restraints. In so doing, your Majesty would act against me as a judge." "I have been thirty years a Queen," cried Elizabeth, turning to the courtiers then present, "and never had such a lecture read to me before;" and so immediately granted the pardon entire and unconditional, as it had been desired, in opposition to the opinion of the President of the Council, who told her Majesty that he thought she ought to have punished so daring an offender. The fair criminal, however, gave an admirable proof of her prudence in begging the Queen to extend her generosity one degree further, by granting her a safe conduct out of the kingdom, with which favour, also, Elizabeth cheerfully complied, and Margaret Lamburn, from that period, lived a peaceable life in France.

THE FALSE ONE.

A MODERN SAPHO'S LAMENT.

And is it true that thou art false?
And false that thou art true?
And am I doomed to prove the fate
The Lesbian dæmon knew?
Yes! far away, for good and aye,
My faithless lover's gone;
And I am left, of hope bereft,
And falsehood's name is John!

I trusted to thy traitor kiss—
How fondly have I bled!
The warm impression on my lips
Did e'en then mine mislead.
From others' eyes and ardent eyes,
In helpless agony I turned;
And many a youth of matchless truth,
For thy dear sake, I spurn'd.

'Twas but last night I have-sick wight
Advanced his bold pretension,
Which I declined—like *geodius*, since
It was the fool's decision.
A prey to care, I ne'er shall wear
Bride favours white as snow
Denied the lot to tie the knot
Of true love with a bow.

Alas! I cannot struggle long
Against a grief so keen,
For, day by day, I waste away,
And grow more lank and lean
Than erst was valiant Daigetty
Reduced to half a ration,
Whom bolt fell down into his heels
From sheer exhaustion.

Though rery on my tomb-stone Death,
With his keen dart, shall chisel,
And through the long grass on my grave
The wind my dirge shall whistle;
My story shall live after me,
And be remembered long,
For true love's with Attie's salt,
Shall pickle it in song.

And children that are yet unborn,
When they shall hear my tale,
Shall lay aside their gingerbread,
My sorrows to bewail;
And pity, while they think upon
My early blighted hope,
Shall wash their little cheeks with tears,
And save a world of soap.

But thy false heart for this shall smart,
And, oh! that envied pillow
Thy faithlessness forlids me share
Shall be like ocean's billow,
On which thy head shall nightly toss,
And thou shalt seek in vain
To drown in sleep's forgetfulness
Thoughts that will haunt thy brain.

Nor peace nor rest shall soothe thy breast,
For, should'st thou then haply die,
Fool Incubus shall dance the reel,
To the bag-pipe of thy nose;
While round thy bed, in visions dread,
Shall gather goblin faces,
And limbs of all degrees and shapes
Shall scare thee with grimaces.

Such hideous sights shall haunt thy nights,
Save when the startling scream
Of night-birds foul, the bat and owl,
Shall chase thy feverish dream,
No moonlight sweet thine eye shall greet,
But thou shalt wake to see
The raven's wing its shadow fling
'Twixt all that's bright and thee!

Harrison's Humourist.

COLONEL TROUP.

"At the commencement of the American Revolution Col. Troup was engaged in the study of the law in the office of John Jay, afterwards Chief Justice of the U.S., and Governor of this State. He quitted his studies and solicited and obtained the appointment of Lieutenant; and with that rank joined the Continental Army, then stationed upon Long Island under the command of General Sullivan, early in the year 1776. He was shortly afterwards appointed Aid-de-Camp to Brig. Gen. Woodhull, and was with the latter at the encampment near Brooklyn, when the Americans were attacked and defeated on the 27th August by the British forces under the command of Generals Sir Henry Clinton, Percy, and Cornwallis. In that

action several Generals and Col. Troup were made prisoners. Col. T. was confined for some time in the Jersey Prison Ship at the Wallabout, and subsequently transferred to the Provost Prison in this city, where he remained until the spring of 1777, when he was exchanged and joined the army in N. Jersey. Gen. Gates having been, in the same spring, appointed by Congress to the command of the Northern Army, selected and appointed Col. T. one of his Aide-de-Camp, and he joined that army, in that capacity, at Saratoga in August of the same year, was present at the action at Stillwater, and at the surrender of the British army, commanded by Gen. Burgoyne, on the 17th October.

In Feb. 1778, Col. Troup was appointed by Congress Secretary of the Board of War, appointed to sit at the seat of government, of which Gen. Gates was President, and continued to act as such secretary until the board was dissolved in the following year; after which Col. T. went to New Jersey and completed his law studies with the late Judge Patterson of the Supreme Court. Some years after the peace, Col. T. was appointed Judge of the District Court of the U. States for the District of New York, held that office for several years, and then retired to private life."

Col. Troup for a number of years past has been a Vice President of the American Bible Society—an institution in the benevolent objects of which he took a lively interest, and in its success and prosperity the most cordial satisfaction.

The gentlemen of the Bar have adopted resolutions of respect to the memory of the deceased.

GIRARD'S COLLEGE.

The property absolutely settled by Mr. G. upon the College, will produce an income of \$150,000 a year. This will not be diminished by the buildings, or by the purchase of a library, or philosophical apparatus for the interest of the capital will pay for all the buildings, &c. &c. while they are in progress.

Suppose there be 1000 pupils. They will be sometimes employed in farming and other labor, toward their own subsistence—and it is probably a full estimate to set down, for all the expenses of feeding and clothing and stationary, \$75 each per annum.

Suppose there be appointed	
1 Provost, with a salary of	\$5000
1 Vice Provost, do.	3000
10 Professors, \$5000 each,	50000
40 Tutors, \$500 each,	20000
Balance unexpended,	25000—\$75,000

\$150,000
My object is not to sketch a plan for the College, but by a few calculations to show what great room there is to make this college (so munificently endowed) the best in the United States. It is capable of supporting 1200 pupils, and liberally providing the best talent in the country for the professors, &c. Let us take another view of the matter.

Supposing the College fairly in operation, with 1200 pupils. They remain on an average, 8 years. There will be every year 150 thoroughly educated young men, (except so far as regards Greek and Latin,) be sent into the population of Philadelphia, to become mechanics, or to earn their bread by their own industry some other way. In 14 years there will then be 2000 citizens of 30 years old and under, from this College. How great will their influence be at elections! This will not be a class of persons to be made use of by trading politicians, or designing men, of any other stamp. These will not be persons who will ruin themselves by aspiring after fashion. It is probable that there will be many *Girards*, and perhaps some *Franklins* among them. How great will be the influence of their example upon the under-educated persons in their own rank of life! What improvements in the Arts—what discoveries in Science may we not hope for from them! How much depends upon the manner in which the princely bequest is expended! —*Am. Daily Ad.*

Wages of Authorship.—We have received (says the Scotsman) several letters lately from the country, asking if we pay for articles furnished to the paper, and at what rate. The questions are so very reasonable, that we cannot refuse an answer. We may inform our correspondents, that knowing the infirmity of the *rates sacre*, who is never able to make a prudent use of money, we pay all writers of genius (and we deal only with such) by orders on Mr. Jokelire, the well known grocer and general furnisher, and at the following rates: For a good running anecdote, a pair of calf shoes; for a smart epigram, a glass of gin; for a new song, a pound of Gouda cheese; for a sonnet to a lady, a pint of treacle; for one foot, or half a column, of blank verse, a stone of raw sugar, or a wedge of brown soap, at the option of the writer; for a Pindaric ode, as much cloth as will make a strait waistcoat; for a satire or lampoon on a Minister of State, a bottle of Hunt's blacking, the celebrated member for Preston having supplied us with a case of six dozen gratis, for this special service; for a satire or lampoon on a Burgh Magistrate, two salt herrings, or an ounce of kippered salmon; for a libel on the church, a pair of kutikens, or a worsted nightcap; for a pasquinade on a former Lord Advocate, a couple of Russian tongues; for a pasquinade on the Lord Advocate for the time being, nothing—inadmissible. Other

* The author is mistaken. The *souriciere* is a room in which the prisoners sent for from the different prisons to be examined by the Judges of Instruction, whose pleasure or displeasure they there await. At the period M. Chateaubriand spent at the prison, the *souriciere* was a small close room, divided by two loop-holes, into which were sometimes crowded twenty-five individuals. In 1828, the room was rebuilt, and the new one is much larger and more airy, but there are still some cells belonging to it to which no remedy has yet been applied. There is a separate *souriciere* for the female prisoners.

articles in proportion. Articles paid for only when published, and no communications allowed but those specified.

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1852.

SPOILING A DOCTOR'S PRACTICE.

There is no profession the success of which depends so much on mere opinion, taken up without foundation and adhered to without reason, as the practice of medicine. The following anecdote, though relating to a she-doctor, is none the less illustrative of the truth of what we have advanced; and, if the reader please, may be taken as a case in point. It is told by a physician of this city, who was well acquainted with the parties.

There was a she-doctor, or, as she was usually called, a doctoress, residing near Hartford, Conn. who was famous for the cure of various diseases, and especially for her success in febrile complaints. She had a fever-powder which did wonders. It was a secret, as she believed; and she was determined it should remain so. The name of a secret remedy goes far with the people; and the she-doctor obtained very considerable practice.

She happened on a time to come in professional contact with the late Dr. Cogswell of Hartford, a gentleman of talents and shrewdness. She had a patient in a fever, whom the Doctor was likewise called to see. He inquired into her mode of treating the case, and learned that she relied principally on her famous fever-powders. He asked to see them. Two or three of them were brought forward, nicely damped in bits of paper. They were of a white color, and the Doctor, writing the end of his finger and taking up a small portion of one, applied it to his tongue and immediately ascertained what it was. He said nothing, however, of the discovery, but proceeded to question the old lady on the nature, operation, and dose of her remedy.

"What are these powders made of?" said he.
"I shouldn't like to tell," answered she; "it's a secret of my own that I never let anybody know."
"It's a secret then, is it?"
"Yes, Doctor, there's no mortal knows it but myself. I'd tell it to you as quick as any body in the world; but it's a *confidential* secret, that I don't tell to nobody living."

"What effect do the powders produce on the patient?"
"Oh, they produce a wonderful effect—very wonderful indeed."

"Are they sudorific, refrigerant, or sedative?" said the Doctor, making an imposing display of technical terms.

"Oh, they ain't neyther of them," returned the she-doctor, who did not understand his language—"they don't operate at all in that way."

"How do they operate then?"

"Why, they cure the fever right away."

"You're sure of that, are you?"

"Oh, yes, they're a charming thing in a fever."

"How many do you give for a dose?"

"Only one."

"Well, suppose you should give two?"

"It would be dangerous. The powders are very powerful."

"Well, suppose you should give three?"

"That would be very dangerous; the powders are so powerful."

"Or suppose," proceeded the Doctor, "you should give half a dozen; what effect would they have?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the old lady, lifting up her hands in a deprecating manner, "they would kill the patient to a certainty. You can't conceive how very powerful they are, Doctor."

"Have you got any more of them?"

"Yes, a few more."

"Bring me a dozen."

"A dozen! Gracious me! Why, Doctor, what are you going to do with a dozen?"

"Be good enough to let me have them, and I'll show you presently."

The dozen powders were brought, and the Doctor, calling for a tumbler of water, put in the whole at once. Then coolly lifting the vessel to his mouth, he swallowed the contents at a draught. There happened to be several persons in the room, who were petrified with horror at so rash a deed. If six of the powders would kill a man, why then twelve must despatch him to a dead certainty.

"Faith," whispered one, "he's got a dose now!"

"That he has," returned his neighbor, with a shake of the head—"he's got such a dose now, he'll never want another!"

In short, all, except the she-doctor, expected to see him drop down dead presently. As for her, she only

trembled for the reputation of her fever-powder, and, in consequence, of her own. Her fears were not groundless; for the people, perceiving the Doctor did not die, lost all faith in her skill; and from that time forth her practice was ruined.

If the reader have a curiosity to know the nature of the old lady's secret remedy; it consisted of burnt oyster shells—*alias*, *time*—neatly done up in small powders; and was equally as good, after the Doctor had swallowed a dozen, as before.

ORIGIN, SYMPTOMS, AND CURE OF THE INFLUENZA, or Epidemic Catarrh, with some Hints respecting Contagious Colds and Inquent Pulmonary Consumption. pp. 80. 8vo. Philadelphia: Henry H. Porter. 1852.

We have received from the book-store of William Burgess, 97 Fulton street, a neat volume with the above title. It is published at the office of the *Journal of Health*, and probably written by one of the editors of that work. It is rather intended for the common reader than the medical man. It contains some well written remarks on the history and treatment of the disease; and also glances, not inaptly, at the uselessness, and, absurdity of Quarantine regulations in the case of Epidemic Diseases. On this latter subject we will quote a passage:

"An acquaintance with the principal facts connected with the rise and spread of epidemics, is not only necessary as a means of promoting personal security and comfort during their visitations; but it is also essential for the direction of those who in their legislative capacity, are called upon to devise measures calculated to guard effectually against the invasion of disease. Ignorance in this particular has given rise to burdensome and unnecessary restrictions upon the freedom of commercial intercourse between nations, and to the imposition of long and vexatious quarantines, by which the interests of all parties have been materially affected. The same ignorance and the fears which it engenders have, in private life, increased the number of victims to the reigning malady, and augmented to the highest degree the danger, privations and sufferings of the sick. These causes have in times of general distress, such as always attends the general prevalence of severe disease, rendered torpid the charities of our nature, and led to a disregard of the most solemn duties of life.

"Dependence, friendship, relations, love itself, get lost to tender thought."
"The sweet influence of the fading heart."

Self-preservation from imaginary dangers engrosses every thought, while the sick, the dying, and the dead, are alike subject to desertion. A very slight attention given to the study of epidemics and to the general laws by which they are governed, would banish from our statute-books, enactments which in the present enlightened age, reflect not a little discredit upon the nation by which they are upheld, and would render every one in those periods of universal gloom, when our cities become the dwelling places of pestilence and death, capable of forming a correct estimate of his own danger, and of performing without fear, the duties which he owes as well to those of his own household as to the community at large."

We will make a short extract on the subject of Diet in Influenza, chiefly for the benefit of those who still adhere to the absurd old maxim of *stuffing a cold*.

"An abstinence from meat, and all solid and irritating food and stimulating drinks is of the first importance in every case of the disease. A diet of thin gruel, weak tea, or milk and water, and dry toast, or stale bread, with flaxseed tea, lemonade, apple, and barley-water for drink, will of itself, provided the patient at the same time remains within doors for a day or two, remove a slight attack; while, in the more violent ones, a similar diet is essential to the successful operation of the strictly remedial measures that may be demanded. Simple bland diluent drinks, whatever may be the addition made to the water of which they are composed, whether sugar, syrups, or vegetable acids, certain of the farinacea, or mucilage, are demanded in all cases of catarrh or influenza. Every stimulating fluid, whether distilled or fermented, must be avoided."

Having spoken favorably of this work, the style of which is easy, and generally adapted to common comprehension, we take the liberty to notice a singular use of the word *terrestrial*. Thus, on the 10th page it is said: "The disease cannot have a local or terrestrial origin;" meaning that it does not originate in the earth. But a few lines above it is said to depend on the state of the *air*. Now is not the air, or atmosphere, terrestrial? It belongs to the earth; "argal," it is not celestial. And if not celestial, nor terrestrial, what is it?

A TYRANT IN BUFF.—Besides the general odious features of our Militia System, there is one which renders it still more hateful to every honest man and

friend of liberty. It places it in the power of officers to exercise a petty tyranny and a spirit of revenge, which, to say the least, are exceedingly annoying, if not oppressive to their subjects.

Our attention is at present called to this subject by noticing in the Commercial Advertiser a statement of the case of Nathaniel O. Archer, who has been imprisoned for a fine of fifteen dollars, illegally, tyrannically, and revengefully imposed. At one of the militia parades last fall he appeared on the ground, armed and equipped in every respect according to law. But his dress not suiting the taste of the Major, he was ordered home to change it. Knowing that the law defined no particular dress, and consequently that the order was illegal, he refused obedience. At the general Court Martial, where the same Major presided, he was arraigned for disobedience of orders, and indicted in the sum of fifteen dollars, as above mentioned—the Major acting in the two fold capacity of accuser and judge!

We shall next hear, probably, that some petty commander of Militia has ordered his soldiers to brush his boots, or, perhaps, to pull them off and kiss his feet; and in default thereof, has sentenced them to a fine, or the whipping post. It would be no greater stretch of authority than the one above mentioned.

FOLLOWING VOTES.—A correspondent of the American Advocate, who writes from Charleston, S. C. tells an anecdote, which, as it illustrates the glorious privileges of *freemen*, is quite too good to be lost. According to this account, the two political parties in Charleston have each a sort of depository, or stronghold, where, for a few days previous to an election, they secure, by lock and key, all such voters as they can conveniently capture; keeping them in the meantime well supplied with liquors, and gloriously drunk, to be ready to bring to the polls when the election arrives. On a late occasion, while the Union party felt secure of a triumph, and were in consequence somewhat off their guard, the Nullies made an attack upon their strong hold, carried off their voters, and thus gained the election.

GROWING HONEST.—Whatever may be said about the honesty and simplicity of the good old times, (as every period which has gone to be a few years anterior to the present, is called) the present age is certainly the most honest and conscientious of any, if we may judge from the frequent restitutions of property, or an equivalent in money, which have lately taken place. The Salem Observer publishes the following note, which was last week received by a shopkeeper of that town, enclosing a one dollar bill. The shopkeeper had never missed the stolen goods.

"Sir—I please to receive this as the pay for certain articles, taken from your shop some months since. Perhaps you have never noticed them or ever would, but conscience compels me to make restitution. I wish not to be known. I pray forgiveness from you as you hope to be forgiven."

TOXICOLOGIA, OR A TREATISE ON INTERNAL POISONS, in their relations to Medical Jurisprudence, Physiology, and the Practice of Physic. By W. F. Lewis, M.D. New York: Wm. S. S. 1852.

This is a neat volume of upwards of eighty octavo pages; consisting of good paper, elegant print, and fair binding in boards. So much for things outward and mechanical. Now for the intrinsic merits.

It is a work of great interest and importance, not only to the practitioner of physic, but to the medical jurist, who are both concerned in a knowledge of the subject, the one for the sake of utility in practice, and the other for the promotion of justice in certain criminal causes. The work is divided into two parts: the first, being devoted to general poisoning, is particularly calculated to be useful in medical jurisprudence; while the second, on particular poisons, will be most serviceable to the medical practitioner.

A concise treatise, of the present description, seems to have been much needed; as what had hitherto been published on toxicology, was scattered through the pages of a variety of authors, and some of them in a foreign language; so that it was necessary not only to examine a number of voluminous works, but to study other languages, in order to obtain the desired information.

Several Medical Professors, in this city, Boston, and elsewhere, have spoken in favorable terms of the work.

SELECT NOVELS.—Nos. XVII. and XVIII. of Harper's Library of Select Novels are just published—being *The Smuggler*, a Tale, by the author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family," "The Denounced," &c. With these last mentioned books the public are already familiar; and, from the interest with which they were perused, will no doubt be ready to give a favorable reception to the Smuggler.

For the Constellation.

SUNSET.

As ling'ring in the western sky,
The setting sun's refulgent rays
O'er day's departing glories sigh,
So fade the dreams of boyhood's days.
As evening comes with milder beam,
So purer joys o'er manhood gleam.

Our morning hopes in light begin,
And as the clouds obscure the sun,
The darken'd truths of life and sin
Among our startled fancies run;
And as that time of red appears,
Remains the thought of former years.

As night comes on with gentle sway,
And day's expiring light is o'er,
So round our softened bosoms play
A scene of joys unfeigned before:
And we can feel, and know and love
The goodness of our Friend above.

It is but life that glads us then,
Its shade will dim our transports too;
The struggle o'er, we live again,
And nature's charms with rapture view.
And the full soul can wing its flight
From earth to distant worlds of light.

How often 'mid the gayest scene
The heart will feel a deadly chill,
Which tho' not harrowing, dreary, or keen,
Or woe-draught, yet 'tis sickening still.
And busy mirth, and mazy jest,
Will pass the ear unheeded by;
While in the deeply throbbing breast
Dark thoughts in smother'd anguish lie.

And tho' the face may wear a smile,
As if the heart was free from care,
'Tis but an effort to beguile
The darker sorrows of despair.
Such heavy thoughts must ever last;
In vain the breast would chase its pain,
And the fond heart, when hope is past,
Can break, but never rest again.

MEMOIR OF A YOUTH OF GENIUS.

ROBERT JENNY BATES FIDDLESTICK was a youth of genius; that is, he possessed the faculty of scribbling the King's English into "original poetry," and could spout "now is the winter of our discontent" with such a remarkable physiognomy and unsurpassed gesticulation, that his companions predicted he would "out-Herod Herod," and watch the world with admiration. Indeed so warm and loud were the applauses he received, and feeling as he declared "the divinity at work within him," he was convinced that Fate intended him for a great Genius. So having rifled his master's draws of the small change they contained, he resolved to throw himself upon the world to fulfil the promise of his precocious abilities.

Young Fiddlestick early displayed the remarkable talent which has since made him so eminent. It is related that even when "mouling and pinking in his mother's arms" he would "hup in numbers for the numbers came." When about six months old—so early was he visited by the muse—he was known to commit rhyme. The story goes that feeling a plucking him one day, he blew his lungs into a loud squall, and blubbered the following morcean:

Ma, ma, oh!
A pie-prick, oh!
Oh, oh! oh, oh!

Overjoyed at such an intellectual phenomenon, his mother failed not to circulate the story with a few material embellishments among all her acquaintances. His aunts beheld him with admiration, and were every day discovering some new and brilliant scintillation of genius—which they immediately magnified to ten times its original power—much to the curiosity of the gaping world. The consequences were that Junius was pronounced on all sides as a prodigy of mind, and he received the flattering appellation of the "gifted infant." The whole country flocked to behold him. Doctor Erudition came from Gotham on purpose to examine the young Rhombus of intelligence, as he called him, and wrote a long and learned account of him to the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg. He was visited moreover by some of the disciples of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim, who, upon examining his pericranium, discovered indubitable signs, in the shape of "humps" and angles about his head, of his future greatness. One protuberance in particular excited vast astonishment among these men of skulls; and, although it had been caused by an unlucky fall of the child a few days before, it was pronounced on all hands to be a wonderful development of the poetical faculty.

It is impossible for the writer of this Memoir to fol-

low minutely the career of Fiddlestick from the blossoming of his infancy to the period when, as it has been already hinted, his genius began to develop its fruits. It is enough to say, that he grew up to the age of eighteen, the idol of his relations, and the wonder of Pumpkinville—the undisputed spot of his nativity. Being so highly gifted by nature, it was early considered by his friends that education would only tend to cramp his native energies; and for the same reason his fond kindred would by no means permit him to stoop to labor. "Nater," said they, intended him to soar above the toil of men, and live a life of unfretted glory. But in this respect "Nater" was so cruel as to give their assertion a downright contradiction, by reducing Fiddlestick's family to poverty, and compelling our hero to actual labor for sustenance. Uneducated, and cast upon his own resources, he found that his genius, however potent in reaping admiration, failed to command even the common necessities of life; and he was driven to the ignoble shift of soliciting employment in the shop of a Dry Goods merchant in New York. In this situation he continued several months; and we understand that in the course of his clerkship, he betrayed that utter ignorance of the affairs of business, and that remarkable abstraction and disavowal of intellect so characteristic of illustrious minds. It is much to be lamented that this portion of Fiddlestick's history does not admit of more light. The private peculiarities of great men—their habits of mind as well as body—their modes of thinking, eating, dressing—are exceedingly interesting to the world, and exert a wonderful influence on the destinies of mankind. What relief it would be to the Roman antiquary to know with positiveness whether Julius Cæsar snored while asleep. How gratifying to the admirers of an Patch to learn upon unquestionable authority whether the horn which that lamented hero swallowed, just previous to being swallowed himself by the cataract of Niagara, was or was not composed of rum and sugar. It is to be hoped that those in possession of the facts of this nature, in regard to this portion of Fiddlestick's career—will publish them as soon as possible.

When Roscius J. B. Fiddlestick had executed the bold feat of abstraction already related, he indulged himself in precipitate absence; and it was not until some weeks after that, his former master succeeded in tracing him to his hiding place, by the aid of Jacob Hawkeye, the famous police prowler, into the designs and haunts of eccentric genius. Mr. James Dimity shortly ascertained the spot where our "talented hero" had taken up his abode. It was one of those lofty places so celebrated in the annals of unfortunate greatness, by the appellation of attic. Here the unlucky Fiddlestick was discovered, with a tattered bed in one corner of the room, a piece of looking glass, a broken backed chair, and a green bazed covered table, upon which was standing, in poetical majesty, a bust of Byron, that seemed to gaze upon Roscius with sympathetic eye. Scattered the over table were scraps of paper, upon some of which were scribbled divers outpourings of the muse—one bore the interesting caption of "The sorrows of Genius," on another appeared an unfinished stanza, "to Julia," beginning thus,

"As falls the sun from thine eyes,
So runs the eye of grace into me."

Nor was the table destitute of another concomitant of gifted minds, viz. what has frequently, by poetical license, been called on account of its inspiration, the Muse, but whose true title is the gin bottle. Pity it is, 'tis true; but to the divine initiated it is well known that the gin draught is your only true inspirer. This has been the real fountain through all times which, under the fanciful names of "The Muse," the Waters of *Hid-Sia* (there is more truth than fancy, perhaps, in a part of this epithet,) the "Tuneful Nine," &c. has been invoked by Genius, and which has flooded the world with "original poetry," and other remarkable "Curiosities of Literature." Is not this alarming act worthy the investigation of the Temperance Society?

To return, however, to our unfortunate hero. When old Hawkeye, in company with Mr. Dimity, entered his apartment they found him seated at the table, gazing intently on the bust of Byron, and apparently musing upon some inconceivable things, and ever and anon his eye in fine frenzy rolling, glancing from the brow of Byron to his paper, and from his paper to the brow of Byron. In the course of these evolutions of his eye ball, at last fell upon the unexpected and unpoetical visage of old Dimity. The shock was electric, and, to use his own language, subsequently imparted to the writer of these passages, he felt like Milton's Satan, when he fell from heights divine down—down into the grim dominions of utter darkness. Silent for a few moments, with the surprise occasioned by the sudden dilemma, he collected the strength of his genius and prepared for an exploit worthy of it and his fame. But as it too often happens, the greatest designs of Genius are no sooner conceived than

they are nipped in the bud by the baleful hand of fate; though in this case it was the rough and inhuman hand of old Jacob Hawkeye that blasted the intentions of Roscius J. B. Fiddlestick, who found himself seized by the shoulder, and in a few moments snugly lodged in one of those inconvenient places, so justly abhorrent to true Genius, called the Bridewell. We will leave him there, much to our regret, until enabled to collect the facts and materials calculated to cast the requisite light on this portion of his history.

B.

The description of the Hebbomadal Club in the Spectator illustrates aptly the disposition men have to superadd to their own cares the charge of other people's concerns.

"We think it our duty (a member of the Club writes to the Spectator) as far as in us lies, to take care the constitution receives no harm—neque detrimenti res capiat publica—to censure doctrines or facts, persons or things which we do not like, and moreover, now and then direct, in some measure, the affairs of our own little university." The propensity to take upon us the affairs of others is a higher attribute than the gregarious instinct which leaves us to associate together. The latter unites us for common benefit, the former is almost always exercised with a generous disregard of one's own affairs, and though usually to the injury of his also, who is favored by such kind interference; this makes no difference as to the merit of the act. Goodwill is the essence of charity, as was illustrated by Peter Pounce to Parson Adams, and by zeal alone many a worthy individual has made himself of more importance than falls to the share of those having no recommendation, but wisdom and common sense. Such an individual, if his life be sufficiently prolonged, may, in the office of supervision of the public welfare, become a very patriarch! If such may be the influence of one, how much more that of a number associated for the same benevolent purpose.

Of this, we have an historical illustration.—In the reign of Charles I. of England, there was a distinguished religious sect, by whose unyielding spirit that ill-fated Monarch lost his head, who commingled with their religious faith a particular scrutiny into the private character and domestic affairs of every individual in community; by this means exercising an inquisitorial influence upon the reputation of every member of society, whether of high or low degree. Its effect was the same that has followed every other inquisitorial power. Character was assailed by secret accusation, and publicly condemned without an opportunity of answering the charge, and private animosity assumed the garb of religious zeal. Private resentment needs no incentive—but with the premium thus offered to calumny, men of high standing and worth were prostrated before the public by the whispers of detraction. Such must be the effect of every association, whose object is the supervision of private character. Vices so odious or heinous to community as to require such supervision—can only be remedied by the interposition of the laws. In the present day when benevolent associations are formed for every purpose, there are not wanting some who in their zeal for the public good, have thought it not unworthy to resort to the system of espionage, and private information of the kind we have above alluded to. Such in truth is the character of every association, however great or limited the number, whose end and aim is to set a mark upon individuals for their supposed sentiments or practices, not amounting to a violation of public order or decorum. That this is the plan of one or more associations in this city which we forbear to mention is apparent from their practical operation. Reports collected from the various parts of the city in regard to the characters of individuals at the private and public boarding houses, furnish the data for many of the statements we have seen in the public prints, and have supplied the materials for many a speech before respectable audiences.

Details thus collected at the expense of the character of the individuals concerned, and derived from those sufficiently subservient to pander to the wishes and designs of their superiors, without regard to the laws of private honor—cannot but have a demoralizing influence—which is but illy compensated by the information however valuable, thus brought before the public. In the language of King David, these zealous devotees to the *decal* to the public and their instruments, may say—"Strangers flee before us, and hide themselves in close places."

POUNTEXT.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.—No. II.

CARDINAL MAZARIN.—The popular opinion is that this minister left behind him, at his death, immense wealth. In his life-time he was magnificent and profuse in his expenditure. He supported troops of *gens-d'armes*, light horse, and musquetry. He gambled very high; and the sums he lost to M. Rose are beyond amount. The king used often to take his repast with him. "I leave your majesty," said the minister,

"and go to take care of your affairs." In his official department, he was laborious; but could not abstain from the gaming table. In order that his amusements and business should not be incompatible, he used to take drugs to procure vigilance, which practice hastened his death. *Longerue.*

WIDMAN was a most excellent low comedian, and the great pet of the good people of Vienna. I know him well, he was a singular character, and like the celebrated Italian harlequin at Paris, a prey to hypochondriacal affection, always fancying, from one hour to another, he should breathe his last, and continually taking medicine to avert the impending calamity.—*Kelly's Reminiscences.*

FOOTE.—After he left the grammar school at Worcester, he was placed under the care of Dr. Gower, professor at Worcester College, Oxford. The doctor was a man of considerable learning, but rather of a grave pedantic turn of mind, and pedantry was to Foote an irresistible object of satire. It cannot appear surprising that Foote's conduct should subject him to frequent lectures, which the doctor delivered in a sour, domineering manner, accompanied by a number of hard words and quaint phrases. The pupil being prepared for these, would interrupt, and after begging pardon with great formality, would take from under his arm a large folio dictionary with which he was always provided on these occasions, and, after pretending to find the meaning of a word, would say "Very well, Sir, go on now if you please."—*Memoirs of F.*

PETER ABELARD.—Although Abelard, an author so famous for his writings, and his passion for Heloise, is ranked not among the orthodox, but the heretics for his publishing opinions concerning the Trinity, which were in those times thought too subtle and too bold; yet it is probably owing to his superior genius that he appeared so culpable in the eyes of his enemies. The cabal formed against him disturbed the earlier part of his life with a thousand persecutions, till at length they persuaded Bernard, his old friend, that poor Abelard was what their malice described him to be. Bernard inflamed against him, condemned, unheard, the unfortunate scholar. But it is remarkable, that the book which was burnt as unorthodox, and as the composition of Abelard, was in fact written by Peter Lombard, Bishop of Paris—a work which has since been canonized in the Sorbonne, and on which is formed the scholastic theology. We may also add, that because Abelard in the warmth of honest indignation had reproved the works of St. Denis, and those of St. Gildas de Ruys, in Bretagne, for the horrid incontinence of their lives, they joined his enemies, and assisted to embitter the life of this ingenious scholar, who, perhaps, was guilty of no other crime than that of feeling too sensibly an attachment to one who not only possessed the enchanting attractions of the softer sex, but what, indeed, is very unusual, a congeniality of disposition and an enthusiasm of imagination.—*DIsraeli's Curios. Lit.*

JOSEPH SEALIGER.—In his love of letters, though not in genius, he at least equalled his father (Julius S.); in erudition he excelled him. His education was early and regular, and his application, throughout his whole life, intense and without intermission. Secluded from the world and deprived of the advantages of polished society, confident in the unconquered powers of his mind, and conscious of the daily progress of its cultivation, Scaliger became proud, arrogant, and domineering; and thus destitute of every elegance or propriety of manners, he deplored all his life-time the want of patronage and the strictness of his circumstances. A smile, however, cannot be suppressed at hearing the pompous flatteries bestowed on this great man by the humble retainers of literature. The Abyss of Erudition, the Ocean of Science, the Chief Work, the Miracle of Nature, were the soothing terms which petty contemporary scholars bestowed on Scaliger, either to conciliate this favor, or to deprecate his caustic censures.—*Life of Scaliger.*

QUIN AND MISS BELLAMY.—The natural benevolence of Quin is honorably displayed in the following anecdote. The talent exhibited by Miss Bellamy, on her first appearance at Covent Garden, as *Monimia*, gained her the friendship of this actor, who, previous to her performance, had ridiculed the idea of her attempting a part of such importance; if possible, he was now warmer in his eulogiums than he had been before in his sarcasms. Nor was applause the only tribute he paid to her merit; various circumstances prove that he entertained a real friendship for her. He enquired into the circumstances of her family, and in the most delicate manner supplied their immediate wants. He sent Miss Bellamy a general invitation to the supper, he usually gave four times a week, enjoining her at the same time never to come unattended, jocularly observing that he was not too old to be censured.

One day after rehearsal, he desired to speak with

her in his dressing room. As he had always carefully avoided seeing her alone, she was not a little surprised at such an invitation, and apprehensive that she had offended a man whom she now loved as a father, but her fears were not of long duration. As soon as she entered the room, he took her by the hand, and with a smile of inexpressible benignity, "My dear girl," said he, "you are vastly followed I hear. Do not let the love of finery or other inducements prevail upon you to forget that propriety of conduct which is the first charm in woman. Men in general are rascals. You are young and engaging and therefore should be doubly cautious. If you want any thing in my power, which money can purchase, come to me and say James Quin give me such a thing, and my purse shall be always at your service." This noble instance of generosity drew tears of gratitude into the eyes of Miss Bellamy, while drops of immortality glistened in those of her parental monitor.—*Memoirs of Miss B.*

STEARNE.—"There were moments," said La Fleur, "in which my master appeared sunk into the deepest dejection, when his calls upon me for my services were so seldom, that I sometimes apprehensively pressed in upon his privacy, to suggest what I thought might divert his melancholy. He used to smile at my well-meant zeal, and I could see was happy to be relieved. At other times, he seemed to have received a new soul, he launched into the liveliest natural *à propos*, and cried gaily enough *Vive la Bagatelle*."—*Nouveaux Mémoires de La Fleur.*

THE ABBE DE MAROLLES was so fond of being considered an author, that he put the catalogue of the names of his friends and their acquaintance to the press at his own expense, as he did all his works, which the booksellers would have been unwilling to risk in publishing at their own venture. He said to a friend one day, "My verses cost me very little," "then," replied M. Liguier, "you give the full value for them." Menage wrote on a presentation copy of a translation of Martial's Epigrams, published by Marolles, "Epigrams against Martial."—*Chenier.*

TALBOT TREE.—All books of importance in Persia and Cingalese, relative to the religion of Buddhism, the Ceylon, are written on lamina of the Talbot or Ceylon *pho unbracl-jera*. The characters are engraved upon them with a brass or iron style. There are some of these books in Sir Alexander Johnston's collection, which are supposed to be between five and six hundred years old, and which are still very perfect. In the maritime provinces of Ceylon the leaves are used as marks of distinction, each person of rank being allowed to have a certain number of them tacked up as fans, carried with him by his servants; and in the Kandian country, they are made up in the shape of a round, flat umbrella, attached to a long bamboo.—They are also employed in the manufacture of tents. Sir A. gave a very fine specimen of a tent made of these leaves, large enough to hold a party of ten persons at table, to the late Sir Joseph Banks, in 1816. The common people use these leaves as a cover from the rain, one of them being sufficiently capacious to afford shelter for seven or eight persons.—*London's Gardener's Mag.*

PITTY CORRESPONDENCE.—Mr. Galt's *Lives of the Players* furnishes an example of pointed brevity rarely matched. Were it as unexceptionable in other respects as it is laudable for its direct and unadorned approach to, and disposal of the matter in hand, it might be advantageously noted as a model for many who use the pen.—"At the end of the season for 1748, Quin having taken some offence at the conduct of Rich, retired in a fit of resentment to Bath, although then under engagements to him. Rich, who knew that Quin would not be brought round by entreaty, thought to gain him back by contempt. And when Quin, who having indulged his spleen, began to relent, and in his penitence wrote him in these words—

"I am at Bath. QUIN."

The answer was as laconic, though not quite so civil.

"Stay there, and be ———. RICH."

This reply, it has been well said, cost the public one of the greatest ornaments on the stage; for Quin, on receiving it, took a firm resolution of never engaging again with "so insolent a blockhead."

Lord North, while he was engaged in discussing one of the most serious points of a question under examination, a dog which had concealed himself under the table of the House of Commons, made his escape and ran directly across the floor, setting up at the same time a violent howl. It occasioned a burst of laughter, and might have disconcerted an ordinary man. But he who knew how to convert the most awkward occurrences to purpose of advantage, having waited till the roar had subsided, and preserving all his gravity, said to the speaker, "Sir, I have been interrupted by a new member not acquainted with the forms of the House—I therefore yielded to him; but as he concluded his argument, I shall resume mine."

THE YOUTHFUL BIRD-CATCHER.

These lines, from the "Juvenile Forget Me Not," are written on the subject of a picture representing a boy attempting to catch a bird by laying salt on its tail. Every one will recollect his own childish anticipations from this notable expedient, and must enjoy the revival of past scenes so well delineated, and the moral application so truly connected with them.—*Mus*

Gently, gently yet, young stranger,
Light of heart and light of foot:
Ere the bird perceives its danger,
On its sly steal
Silence!—ha! your scheme is failing—
Not pursue your pretty prey;
See, your shadow on the paling
Startles it away.

Hush! your step some note is giving
Not a whisper—not a breath—
Watchful be as night that's living,
And be mute as death!
Glide on, ghost-like, still inclining
Downward is over it, or as sure
As the sun is on us shining,
'Twill escape the lure.

Caution! now you're nearer creeping,
Nearer yet—how still it seems!
Sure the winged creature's sleeping,
Wrapt in forest dreams!
Golden sights that bird is seeing,
Nest of green, or sunny bough,
Not a thought it hath of being—
Yes, you'll catch it now!

How your eye begins to twinkle!
Silence, and you'll scarcely fail!
Now stoop down, and softly sprinkle
Salt upon its tail.
Yes, you have it in your tether,
Never more to skim the skies;
Lodge the salt on this long feather—
Ha! it flies, it flies!

Hear it—hark! among the bushes
Laughing at your sly lures!
Boy, the salt some feeling gushes
Through your hand and yours
Baffled sportman, childish Monty,
How have I been—hapless fool!
Did I like you my hopes to centre
In a grain of salt!

Time, the fowls turn to arrows,
For salt have used thy sand,
Wasting it on hopes, like sparrows,
That clude the hand.
On what captures I've been counting
Stooping here, and creeping there,
All to see my bright hope mounting
High into the air!

Half my life I've been pursuing
Plans I'd often tried before,
Rhapsodies that end in ruin—
I, and thousands more.
This, young sportsman, be your warning—
Though you've lost some hours to-day,
Others spend their life's fair morning
In no wiser way.

What hath been my holiest treasure?
What were ye unto my eyes,
Love, and peace, and hope, and pleasure
Held of paradise?
Spare that we think to capture
By a false and childish scheme,
Until tears dissolve our rapture—
Darkness ends our dream.

Thus are objects loved the dearest,
Distant as the dancing star;
And when we appear the nearest
Part of all we are.
Thus have children of all ages,
Secure bliss before them fly,
Found their hearts but empty cages,
And their hopes—on high!

LONDON MAGAZINES AND AMERICAN AUTHORSHIP.

Mr. Bulwer, in commencing his Editorial functions, presents a dialogue between *** and **** as co-editors of his Journal, in which sundry matters thereto appertaining are thus treated of. Our extracts are chiefly confined to subjects relating to this country.—*ib*

Editor ****—An excellent paper this on "Windham." It shall appear very shortly. *Ed*

Editor ****—Nothing can be better. It is not one of those characters that perpetual anecdotes have worn threadbare. Have you seen his diary in Anyot's possession?—a strange work.

Editor ****—Ay, so I hear; we are to have it one of these days, when the scandal it contains will not offend the tongue. But what is this letter?—A clergyman—humph! A very touching communication—offers us Reminiscences of the Cambridge Union. Know it in its youth, when Rosser, Macaulay, Austin, Proudhon, were making Night eloquent. Have we not real politics enough now? The times are too stirring and actual for mimic fights. Ah! those were happy days.

—When thou and I,
Dear Fred, Golightly, trod those boards of yore;
What is the Union now—with the Bar to some of

us, and the House of Commons to others? But let us hear from our Clergyman again—let him send us something in a higher vein, and we will accept it kindly, or reject it sorrowfully. It is a hard task, that of rejection.

Editor ****—Till one's used to it.

Editor ****—True! that custom is the universal blunter. How well I can sympathise with the young contributor: his maiden verse—so neatly copied—the letter so timorously written, with a dash of hypocritical confidence in a too—the hope, the fear—the hasty walk down to the bookseller to look at that dingy, doll-looking spot in the wrapper, where, in this magazine at least, our enterprising friends are so unceremoniously thrust;—a villainous, uncivil, hole-and-corner method of communication, that, please Mimos and Rhadamanthus we must award one of these days. Then, the rapid glance—the quickened pulse—the pang of disappointment—the flash of mortified vanity—the sense of wrong, and the salutary indignation against that prejudiced ass, the Editor. Well, well! it's all very affecting. Here now, is a young gentleman, not twenty, and whose assurance we have that "the enclosed pieces are original—perhaps so original—and have never appeared before!" He adds—dangerous inquiry—"I should feel particularly obliged if you would mention in your answer, if you think I should persist in attempting to write poetry." My dear young gentleman, your verses are by no means bad; nay, they show genius—but recollect, Mrs. Hemans's poetry scarcely covers the expenses of printing; Wordsworth's are not marketable, and Murray has in his hands a poem of Crabbe's that he cannot venture to publish. Who, then, can advise you to persist? No, Apollo himself had other professions besides that of the poet—he was a doctor and an orator as well—how else could he have kept so large an establishment? Nine Muses indeed! Imitate him, my dear G—; study physic, or be called to the Bar, and, now and then, you may afford to pay a visit to Helicon. This is sound advice—

And may you better reck the rede
Than ever did the adviser.

Editor ****—What's this? "My Native Land, from the German."

Editor ****—"My Native Land, Good Night!" Editor ****—It is very pretty. But we are Germanized to death already. I have nine translations from Körner, four critical reviews on Goethe, fifteen metaphysical essays on Kant, and tales without number about Number Nip.

Editor ****—Best thanks to them all. We have a gentleman at Highgate who monopolizes the German department.

Editor ****—Here is a very different vein—"An angel's vein." They met in Heaven.

Editor ****—A noble poem!—a noble poem!—it shall appear in our next number—we have something to say about the writer. Our criticisms in our present number embrace so much poetry, that we must reluctantly defer till then a contribution, such as no other poet now, "in this dun sphere which men call earth," could give us—meanwhile, let us open this packet from America; a communication we owe to our friend, Willis Clarke, a brother editor, and a young poet of considerable merit. Newspapers!—Eh!—What! the House of Commons—the Reform Bill again!—Newton Barry—Irish Yeomanry—Lord John Russell—Mr. Hunt—O'Connell—Wetherell!—why, half the papers in the New-England are filled with our proceedings in the Old!—this, too, in a country that we are told looks upon us with so much dislike—or, God wot!—disdain. Now, is it not impossible for a man with three grains of candour and one of common sense, to read these his daily journals, and not see how fondly our good brother Jonathan interests himself in all that relates to us—our literature—our politics—our police reports—(Sir Richard Birnie, God bless him! as large as life in New-York!)—our great men—nay, our fine ladies and court beauties!—why, here's a long paragraph about Lady Charlotte Bury, and the beauty of her sisters! Come, we must try and make this fraternal interest and affection mutual; not by long, dry political articles, and vehement declamations about equality and republics, which only shock our national preconceptions, but by amusing sketches of the manners and customs, and scenery, and literature of our worthy brother. We must see to this forthwith. Talking of literature, it is too bad for a score of booby editors on this side of the Atlantic telling us very gravely, that America has not a single poet. Let us make room for these pretty verses upon—

ALLEGY.

By William Cullen Bryant.

The quiet August noon is come;
A slumberous silence fills the sky;
The fields are still, the woods are dumb,
In glassy sleep the waters lie.

O, how unlike those merry hours
In sunny June, when earth laughs out;
When the fresh winds make love to flowers,
And woodlands sing and waters shout!

When in the grass sweet waters talk,
And strains of tiny music swell
From every moss-cup of the rock,
From every nameless blossom's bell!

But now a joy too deep for sound,
A peace no other season knows,
Hushes the heavens, and wraps the ground—
The blessing of supreme repose.

Away! I will not be, to-day,

The only slave of toil and care;

Away from desk and dust, away!

I'll be as idle as the air.

Beneath the open sky abroad,

Among the plants and breathing things,

The sinless, peaceful works of God,

I'll share the calm the season brings.

Come thou, in whose soft eyes I see

The gentle meaning of the heart,

One day amid the woods with thee,

From men and all their cares apart;

And where, upon the meadow's breast,

The shadow of the thicket lies,

The blue wild flowers thou gatherest

Shall glow yet deeper than thine eyes.

Come—and when 'mid the calm profound

I turn those gentle eyes to seek,

They, like the lovely landscape round,

Of innocence and peace shall speak.

Rest here, beneath the unmoving shade

And on the silent valleys gaze,

Winding and widening till they fade

In yon soft ring of summer haze.

The village trees their summits rear

Still as its spire; and yonder flock,

At rest in those calm fields appear

As chiseled from the lifeless rock.

One tranquil mound the scene encloses,

Where the hushed winds their sabbath keep;

While a near hum, from bees and broods,

Comes faintly like the breath of sleep.

Well, night the gazer down, that when,

Worn with the struggle and the strife,

And heart sick at the sons of men,

The good forsake the scenes of life,—

Like the deep quiet, that awhile

Lingers the lovely landscape over,

Shall be the peace whose holy scale

Welcomes them to a happier shore.

The time is fast coming when America and France will be the two countries, above all others, whose friendship England must cultivate, and whose manners and institutions she must the most accurately know. We will try to familiarize her already with that knowledge.

Editor ****—G— could give us some papers on Jonathan, at once racy and true.

Editor ****—Ay, no man is better acquainted with what he writes about than G—; a shrewd a deep, a rare observer. So Boston has started the "New England Magazine." American criticism is very fast improving in its principles. The "Southern Review" puts forth an excellent review of Byron's "Manfred."

From the Salem Observer.

In our last we gave two short poetical specimens of a small volume, now in press, entitled "Poetical and Prose Compositions," by the late Miss M. L. Horton. The following is one of the prose pieces from the same.

THE GIPSY'S PREDICTION.

Some years ago there resided in the beautiful town of S., in England, a gentleman with his wife and lovely daughter—the heroine of the following tale.

The day Caroline attained her ninth year, as she and two of her young mates were returning from school, in all the light heartedness of childhood, they were met by a female gipsy. The singularity of her appearance attracted the eyes of the interesting group; while the wild and half-musical tone of her voice engaged the attention of the ear, as with a strange earnestness of look she thus addressed them:—

"List!—list!—listen to me—

The bloom on the cheek and the glance of the eyes,
And the features of her who to me of the three
Shall bloom on the wave, and be lost in the sea,
The current of youth shall surely go home,
For one of the three in the Ocean is drowned."

The stranger then proceeded on her way; leaving to the children the full belief and lasting impression that one of them must suffer the fate which she had predicted. After much conversation, and declaration that they would never attempt the danger of a river or pond, they parted to their several homes, where the adventure was related with the greatest solemnity of manner. And although their parents endeavored to reason them out of the belief that a poor ignorant gipsy knew ought of their future fate, the adventure was never forgotten by the three, although it lost some of its first coloring in the minds of Ann and Agnes. But Caroline, whose soul was of a deeper cast, was not so capable of forgetting; and when at the age of fifteen she saw Ann and Agnes at rest beneath the green eld, she felt assured it would never be her lot to share their peaceful slumber, where the fearful eye of friendship would hallow off the turf. With this deep impression on her memory, Caroline reached her seventeenth year; at which time, without the recommendation of wealth, she was introduced into the first circles of S. with whom *virtue* and a cultivated mind without wealth, were more respected than the favorite of fortune without merit—which is not often the case. Possessed therefore of highly cultivated talents, and a most interesting cast of countenance, our heroine soon attracted the attention of Theo-

dore, a young gentleman of great respectability and uncommon merit.

For a whole year they met and mingled in the social circle as congenial spirits; and although his attentions were very pointed and respectful, and both appeared almost devoted to each other in sentiment, he had never enticed her to his full confidence by a formal proposal. While affairs remained in this state, letters arrived from Philadelphia, informing Theodore of an advantageous prospect of accruing a fortune if he would consent to fix his residence there; an offer which he readily accepted without paying to Caroline his vows, or securing to himself by declaration and promise, the constancy of her affections. Still he appeared entirely devoted, while they parted as no other than affectionate friends. But vows and promises which part the lips were not necessary to seal the sacredness of Caroline's attachment; for notwithstanding she had forever banished the idea of sharing his destinies, since he had left behind no word or wish on which the garland of hope might blossom, she was certain her heart could never admit another attachment; and therefore apparently resigning herself to the disappointment, she still mingled in society with a blooming cheek, and a smiling eye, while her heart wandered away to the far shores of Philadelphia.

Nearly three years had rolled away, without the slightest expectation of ever again beholding Theodore, when a letter addressed to "Remembered Caroline," assured her she was still living in his memory. After venturing with much warmth to the length of their acquaintance, and the sacredness of their early friendship, he added, that she had never held the first place in his affections, though it had been unclaimed; but now, as fortune had prospered all his uncertainties, he presumed to hope his circumstances were such as to better admit of making an unreserved offer of himself and fortune, while he expected and desired nothing in return but her hand and the wealth of her affections; expressing however his great fear that so much beauty and merit were already bestowed on some more fortunate competitor. At any rate, whatever were her sentiments on the subject, he earnestly requested an immediate and candid answer; and as soon as it was known that the proposal was accepted, he would visit England and return with her to Philadelphia, after the consummation of the nuptials. This letter awakened in the bosom of Caroline a thousand contending emotions; and while she received it as the greatest blessing heaven could have bestowed, she learned also it would cost her a long season of anxiety.

After having perused it over and over again, she handed it to her parents; who received its contents with much surprise, not knowing that a reciprocal attachment had been cherished between them; and while they felt flattered by the proposal, and highly approved of Theodore as the future companion of Caroline, they felt that it was almost impossible to part with their idolized and only child. Still the advantageousness of the offer of the prospect, and the idea of seeing their beautiful and accomplished, though fortune-neglected daughter, raised to high rank in society, overruled the objection of parting, and left her at full liberty with their consent, to act as inclination led her. In view of this engagement, the only obstacle that presented itself to the mind of Caroline was the Gipsy's prophecy. Since the long-remembered hour which had carried to her youthful mind the strongest idea of death, she had never for a day lost the remembrance of it, although the memory of it was locked within her own bosom, as she had for some years ceased to speak of it to her friends, who had now forgotten the adventure of her childhood. It was not alone the thought of death that secretly troubled her imagination, because she knew that she was mortal, and must die—but to every one the idea of knowing how shall be the end, is indeed solemn—a knowledge which certainly must bear along with it the full coloring of melancholy. And to Caroline especially, there was a mountain of dread attached to the view of sleeping within the fair blue ocean, notwithstanding its coral caves and beds of pearl. The struggle between love and fear was great, for she regarded Theodore as she could never prize another; and would joyfully have accepted the opportunity of becoming his; but the fear of an ocean-grave overbalanced every better consideration, and obliged her to relinquish his society. Acquainting her friends therefore with the determination, which many anxious and tear-hallowed hours had framed, she proceeded to the trial of making Theodore acquainted with the same. Acknowledging first the great honour he had conferred in proposing the union of their destinies; and confessing the strength of her attachment, she added that her own inclination and the consent of her parents sanctioned the acceptance of his generous offer; but blushed to expose her weakness in confessing that a naturally strong aversion to the water, assisted by a prediction in early life, that she would perish in the waves, predominated over the first wish of her heart, and obliged her, though with great reluctance, to decline. This letter awakened in the breast of Theodore almost as many conflicts as Caroline had experienced in reading his. The knowledge of

her constant affection under the many circumstances which might have contributed to lessen it, was luxury to his memory; but the idea of giving her up to the probable delusion was more than he felt willing to admit. And thinking there yet remained a possibility of prevailing on her to abandon the fear, he took passage for England a few days after receiving her answer; and after a safe and pleasant passage was again restored to the scene of his early friendship; and losing no time in seeking the humble abode of Caroline, was soon received with all the joy and surprise which his long absence and unexpected return naturally awakened. As soon as the first congratulations of the family were over, he imparted to Caroline the object of his visit; which was to prevail on her if possible, to lay aside the foolish idea she had imbibed in childhood, and open her mind to the folly of being prejudiced by the prophecy of an ignorant and miserable wanderer; and to assure her, if life depended on human exertion, she should certainly reach Philadelphia in safety, under his protection.

These arguments had the desired effect on the mind of Caroline—and as she was of her former weakness, she resolved to attempt the danger at which she had so long shuddered. As soon as her determination was made known, preparations were immediately hastened for the bridal ceremonies, which were celebrated in due form, in presence of all her friends, who were now all the hands he could boast of, having in early days been left an orphan to the care and guardianship of a relation who had since died. A few weeks after the celebration, Theodore and his young wife, embarked for America. But the feelings of Caroline were solemn as death, as stepping for the first time on the vessel's deck, she bade adieu to the dear friends and sacred home of her childhood, and all the loved associations of her youth. And now having set sail with a number of agreeable passengers, the whole attention and abilities of Theodore were exerted to enliven the spirit of Caroline, and divert her mind from those gloomy apprehensions, which he perceived with pain, were well cherished. After some weeks, however, he had the happiness of reading in her beautiful manuscript, the lines of cheerfulness and contentment; and the weather continuing remarkably fine, and the company an amusement on board extremely pleasant, she soon became familiar with the blue ocean, and quite at ease in regard to danger, concluding no doubts, from the first and great appearance of every thing, but they would reach the destined shore without difficulty. But, alas! how uncertain are all human calculations; how deceitful as the language of a day. They had all been admiring the extreme beauty of the sunset hour, and the uncommon brilliancy of the evening star, and each passenger retired to rest, full of the expectation of awaking to a delightful morning—when a sudden commotion, and the cry of "All hands on deck," aroused every soul from deep slumber, and created scenes of the utmost consternation. Immediately all hands, with a dexterity which danger quickened, were employed in preparing for a tempest, which threatened them at every moment; and the general alarm increased in proportion to the violence of the gale—till the voice of despair was lost in the terrible crashings of the noble ship, as she battled with the billows. In the midst of this awful scene of tumult and danger, among the ladies in the cabin, it will naturally be supposed that our heroine was the first and boldest in her fears;—but no,—strange as it may appear, she was calm and composed as the fully prepared Christian, when awaiting with sweet and silent resignation, the rich measure of eternity. And while she gazed without on the storm-brought billow, and felt confident that in a few hours she should "bleach on the wave and be lost in the sea," the fear of death and the dread of an ocean sepulchre were entirely hushed. And truly remained for her to tranquilize the feelings of Theodore, who was wrought up to the highest pitch of distraction in view of her present fate. He thought not of his own safety, though there was scarcely a hope for life;—but Caroline, the adored Caroline, who had for his sake conquered the long-cherished warning—was able to suffer. The reflection was almost too much for his nature,—and while he reproached himself a thousand times for having urged and exposed her to the danger—for having drawn her away from her dear friends and much-loved home, and even the green soil she coveted—petition after petition ascended after her preservation.

At length, after a very violent storm of many hours continuance, the hand of Providence interposed;—the voice of Heaven went out upon the winds and waves, and the storm was hushed. And although they still remained in considerable danger, owing to the shattered state of the vessel, they were permitted, after a long passage, to reach the destined port. And a joyful season was this to every soul; but more than blissful to Theodore, who exulted in the hope of Caroline's future life being made happy in the possession of every thing that wealth or affection could purchase. And while attended by her beloved Theodore, she was introduced to the elegant mansion

as its mistress, she felt that a moment like this, atoned for every unhappy hour of her life; and dreading no longer the prophecy which had saddened so many hours of her existence, she enjoyed through life all the felicity that the wishes of Theodore had drawn, and all her own heart was capable of asking, save the melancholy pleasure of receiving the parting blessing of her parents, who died some years after she settled in Philadelphia.

For a long succession of years Theodore and the object of his adoration dwelt freely at the fountain of happiness. No cloud came over the bright pathway of their existence, till the rich blessing which had mantled the cheek of Caroline, faded gradually, and a slight cough and general debility spoke too truly the language of decline;—although the view of death was more dreadful now than in the tempest hour, she wished to be resigned; and as the hectic increased, and the race of eternity played so mournfully upon her cheek, she became calm, and prepared for the hour of parting. In the course of her long illness, as Theodore sat by her bed-side, she often reverted to her former history—recalling the early years of the Gipsy's prediction—the prophecy which had clouded her first years; and wishing every one to guard from like feelings, she recommended the exercise of common reason, which would teach us that the future page was never opened to moral observation, and that the secret destiny of every soul is unimpairable to the human bosom.—These were almost the last words of Caroline, as the transient beauty of her cheek faded into the impress of death.

LORD TENTERDEN, LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND.

This nobleman is another of these eminent characters of the present day, who owe their elevation to their useful talents and qualities—having been raised to his high office in the public service because possessing the knowledge and abilities which the public service requires. In our own time, there have been three Chief Justices, and four Lord Chancellors, without including the present; and, without one exception, all of them have risen from the same private condition. But none of them had greater impediments to surmount than Lord Tenterden; and none of them has surmounted these early difficulties with a clearer honour, and more laudable industry.

Charles Abbott, Lord Tenterden, was born at Canterbury, about the year 1763; his parents being citizens of that borough. At the proper age, he became a scholar at the free school of his native town, and there became acquainted with a boy of the name of Thurlow. This was a means of introducing him, whilst yet a boy, to the Lord Chancellor of that name, under whose aid we have heard that he was sent to College.

We do not know whether some exhibition at Oxford was not attached to the free school at Canterbury;—we presume that one or two scholarships of £12 or £16 a year (the usual rate of these foundations) are so, and that Mr. Abbott obtained one of these upon leaving the school for the University. By whatever means Mr. Abbott might have been aided to enter upon his collegiate course,—whether by Lord Thurlow, or by the clergy of Canterbury Cathedral,—the aid was highly honourable to his patrons. It is incredible, indeed, how many of these noble acts are almost daily rendered by one or other of our nobility or clergy; and how large a proportion of them by those who can least afford such a liberal bounty,—by the clergy of the Established Church.

Mr. Abbott was thus entered a member of Corpus Christi College, in the year 1784 or 1785, about 12 or 15 years after Lord Eldon and his brother Lord Stowell had become members of University College,—Lord Stowell being Tutor of his College whilst Mr. Abbott was at Oxford. Thus, at the same period, there were three men at the University,—one of them a Scholar holding an Exhibition not exceeding £16 a year; the two others holding Fellowships not exceeding £120 annually, who were destined to become the three heads of the law. Perhaps, there were not at the time three more plain, unassuming, modest-looking men within the compass of the University; and certainly not three men, from whose air and deportment any one would less have augured a splendid future.

Whilst at the University, Mr. Abbott gained the prize for the best composition in Latin verse. The subject was *Globus Aërostaticus*, the air balloon, which Lunardi, the inventor, had about that time, 1784, introduced into England. In the year 1786, he gained a second prize, having written the best composition in English prose for the thesis of that year, "The Use and Abuse of Satire."

Mr. Abbott was shortly afterwards elected to a fellowship in his college, and, like Lord Stowell, became the college tutor. Whilst in this office, one of the sons of Sir Francis Buller, the eminent Judge, fell under his tuition, and the talents of the tutor thus became known to Sir Francis. We have heard that he immediately adopted him into his patronage, and recommended him to quit his collegiate life and take his chance at the bar. Mr. Abbott complied with his recommendation, giving up his tutorship, but keeping his fellowship. He came up to town,—entered himself as a student of law, and commenced the study of reports and the practice of special pleading.

Being called to the bar, Mr. Abbott, as one means of introducing himself to the knowledge of the profession, wrote his celebrated work upon shipping, which he dedicated to Lord Eldon, at that time Lord Chancellor. The work is strongly marked with that common sense and diligent reading which have always characterized the author. The method is original; the style singularly plain and unaffected, and therefore good. Upon the whole, it is the best law book of Mr. Abbott's time, and very deservedly established his name as a sound and laborious commercial lawyer.

Lord Eldon now availed himself of the first opportunity to advance Mr. Abbott in his profession. He was first made Counsel to the Treasury. In the year 1816 Mr. Justice Heath died, and a vacancy occurred in the Common Pleas. It was immediately filled up with the name of Mr. Abbott. His elevation it is said excited a very general surprise, the practitioners in the Court not deeming themselves well treated in having a King's Bench lawyer, and one of such moderate practice, advanced over their heads. But the truth is, that they knew but little of the man whom they thus under-rated. As a lawyer there were very few in the Court of Common Pleas who could sustain any comparison with him; and as a scholar, he was superior to most of them. He had probably read a larger portion of law than almost any man of his day, and he carried his researches where few of them had deemed it necessary to extend their labors into the works of the foreign jurists and lawyers.

In his performance of the duties of his office, Mr. Justice Abbott displayed that degree of useful knowledge for which Lord Eldon had given him credit. He certainly gave so much satisfaction to his patron, that when the death of Sir Simon Le Blanc followed that of Mr. Justice Heath, Mr. Abbott was promoted to his vacant seat on the bench in the higher Court. The death of Lord Ellenborough, which followed soon afterwards, completed his advancement, and he became Lord Chief Justice.

Thus, in the space of time not much exceeding four years, a man of good habits of business, and diligent reading, and ex-ordinary character, ascended from the most moderate practice at the bar to the eminent office and dignity of Lord Chief Justice of England, and thus occupied a seat which, from the beginning of the last century to the present, had been successively filled by some of the ablest men and strongest minds in the English annals.

Two qualities are said to distinguish Lord Tenterden as a Judge—first, that no one before him has contrived to get through the business with so much despatch without falling under the censure of indecent haste or uncourteous abruptness. He has almost put an end to the former system of long speeches and long arguments, and introduced a more business-like mode of coming to the point in issue; and—if there be any argument between the counsel, confining it within that limit.

Another very laudable trait in the character of Lord Tenterden as a Judge is, that in his late decisions, and in his mode of receiving evidence, he has followed the noble example of the late Lord Kenyon, who suffered no opportunity to escape him of maintaining the cause of truth, and advancing the interests of religion and morality.

In Parliament, Lord Tenterden has been so little obtrusive, that his talents as a statesman and legislator are not so well ascertained. His education has been regular and good, and from his early compositions, we should think that his reading had not been confined to the law, and that he was a general scholar. In all his books, his style, though exceedingly plain and simple, is neat, perspicuous, and exact,—precisely expressing what he intends to express,—never offending against good taste, and never going beyond the subject. His mode of division shows that he is well read in logic, or at least in that practical part of it—method, which alone comes into use in the business of life. In a word, his characteristics are—a good apprehension, a clear judgment, and an exercised understanding,—a mind well informed with all the learning of the law, and with the knowledge of all our best writers,—joined to intellectual faculties of sufficient power to work upon such materials.

Lord Tenterden, though not exceeding, we should think, his 67th year, has lived a life of so much hard labor, and of such assiduous and unbroken application, that his strength is evidently sinking, and his health is not such as to warrant any expectation that he will much longer continue his active duties.

His Lordship has a family of several children. In private life he is greatly esteemed and beloved. His singular probity and characteristic sincerity, and his ardent attachment to old friends, entitle him to the utmost gratitude and affection.—*Lord's paper.*

FAMILY QUARRELS.

"It cannot be concealed that the fair Lady Laura was in a passion. Her pretty cheeks were inflamed, her fine eyes lit with a more than usual lustre, her little hand was clenched, and her little foot in an action that bore no small resemblance to stamping. On the opposite side of the tableau sat her lady mother—one hand listlessly reclining on a spider-like table, the other as listlessly turning over the pages of a new novel.

"Mrs. Martin, I find, mother, has ordered out the carriage," said the angry young lady.

"Has she?" lazily inquired the mamma not lifting her eyes from the book.

"Has she?" cried the young lady. "She has; and

I am obliged to stay at home in consequence, until it pleases her to return."

"That's a pity," said the mamma.

"It's a shame, at all events," replied the daughter, "and I had fifty places to go to."

"I am very sorry," rejoined the mother; "but I am sure I cannot help it."

"No, indeed, you cannot. You are absolutely bewitched by that woman. She has you completely under her control."

"I find her very civil and obliging," said the Countess; "and she takes a great deal of trouble off my hands. I do not see how you can call that controlling me."

"She will soon, I think, take the house itself off your hands. Was ever such a piece of impertinence known as the ordering of the carriage, without consulting any one in the house?"

"I suppose," said the imperturbable lady, "she did not think you would want it. But you are putting me out—I am come to a most interesting part of the story."

"So I am to be kept within, waiting the lady's pleasure to come back, I perceive. Anxious as I am to go out, I confess I should not only give up that purpose, but make her a present of the carriage and horses into the bargain, if she never came back. 'The impudent body that she is!'"

"I positively declare, Laura," said her mother, "that you are becoming quite a proficient in the art of scolding."

"What would Henry Maddox say if he heard you in one of these humours?"

"He might say what he liked," said Lady Laura; "for I am sure he would agree with me about Mrs. Martin, that she is quite a disgusting creature."

"My dear Laura, do not break out—a lady ought never to be in a passion,—and the Countess continued her study with the utmost tranquillity."

"I am not in a passion," said the young lady; "but I was only saying that Henry would agree with me in opinion as to Mrs. Martin; for he said the other day, that he wondered how you let yourself be led about by that woman, just as she pleased."

"He was civil, I confess."

"And he said, besides, that he knew the secret by which she managed you."

"And pray what may that be?" said the Countess, looking up for the first time since their dialogue commenced.

"It was that Mrs. Martin knew you were a wig to hide your red hair—"

"I wear a wig!" said the lady, looking rather fierce.

"Yes, so he said; and that Mrs. Martin told him so."

The stoical indifference with which the Countess had borne her daughter's witticisms now departed.

"If Mrs. Martin has dared to say so, she shall never enter this house again—the backbiting, ungrateful—"

"Mother," said Lady Laura, "ladies ought never to get into a passion. What would General Mandeville say if he saw you in such a humour?"

"What he pleased," said the Countess; "but if this impudent woman—"

"Say all you have to say to herself then, for I see the carriage has just driven up to the door, and I shall get ready to go out. But, my dear mother, do not give up to those fits of humour."

In a minute afterwards, the tongue of Mrs. Martin was heard on the stairs, ordering and directing as she went along. She was soon in the room.

"The weather is very hot for this time of the year, my dear Countess. I called at Madame Gigot's for you and ordered your gown. I gave all the directions for it. I then stepped into Hamlet's, but they have not executed the order I gave for your pearls. I met your attorney, Jenkins, in the street, and I took him into the carriage to tell him about your affairs in Lancashire. He quite agrees with me, and I told him I knew you would do the same. We went to Long Acre—but does any thing all you? You look as if something had put you out."

A fierce explanation ensued. Her Ladyship was indignant. Mrs. Martin stoutly denied the charge, but it was too firmly believed, for certain reasons, by the Countess, to be shaken by a denial. The fate of the toady hung literally on a hair, her dismissal was on the very point of being formally ratified, when a military knocking announced the approach of General Mandeville.

"But my dear Countess Jasper," said Mrs. Martin, "it is all a trumped-up story—and—and—even if it were true, which I am sure it is not, do not you think it would sound very odd to hear it *repanda* that you and I had quarrelled about your *wig*. Just think of a controversy about the Countess of Mordant's wig."

The Countess looked grave for a moment, and then the full horror of such a story getting abroad stared her in the face. A treaty of peace was instantly concluded before the General made his appearance, and to the horror of Lady Laura, Mrs. Martin is still the prime toady of M. House.—*Court Journal.*

Longevity in New Hampshire.—In the last century it is believed, there died in N. H. 26 persons who were 100 years old and upwards. Of these 12 were 100 years old, 1 was 101, 2 were 102, 2 were 103, 2 105, 1 was 106, 107, 108, 110, 115, 116, 129. In the present century, (in the last 31 years) there have died in N. H. 62 persons 100 years old and upwards. Of those 24 were 100 years old, 17 were 101; 8 were 102; 3 were 103; 2 104; 6 105; 1 was 106; 1 112; namely Samuel Welch, of Bow.

